

A
LETTER
TO A
FRIEND

Concerning the Next
PARLIAMENTS
Sitting at OXFORD.

Honest Tom,

HAVING undergone the Gloomy Day and Newes of the *Parliaments* Dissolution, &c. as also the good Newes that it is his Majesties pleasure to Order my Lord Chancellor to issue out Writs in order to the Election of another, all I say by the way is this, (*Cavete Angli*) Look to it you Free-holders of *England*, that you observe the good Advice contained in the Writ: But they are to Sit at *Oxford*: And indeed, *honest Tom*, I think that in the time of the Sicknes the then *Parliament* sat at the said place. And alas! now *Tom* it's a sick State, a sick Nation, a sick People, all sick, and to be feared near Death; And now to *Oxford* again must the *Parliament* go. But *Tom* dost think *London's* Air to be infected? I must confess, a bold Rogue of our Intimacy said, If it were, or any Parts adjoyning, it was then the Western end. But however, we know *Oxford* is a clear Air, and a goodly Place, likewise a Sumptuous Theatre for them to Act their parts in, and so let 'um march thitherwards. And I wish them all Prosperity and Felicity, and withall that there may be no Rogues, Pensioners, or Fellowes that love their Pockets better than their Countrey; which I cordially wish for, who am,

Honest Tom,

Thy Old Friend and Companion,

Philanglus.